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## Connecticut College Alumnae News Vol. 8 No. 1

Connecticut College

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# Connecticut College



# Alumnae News

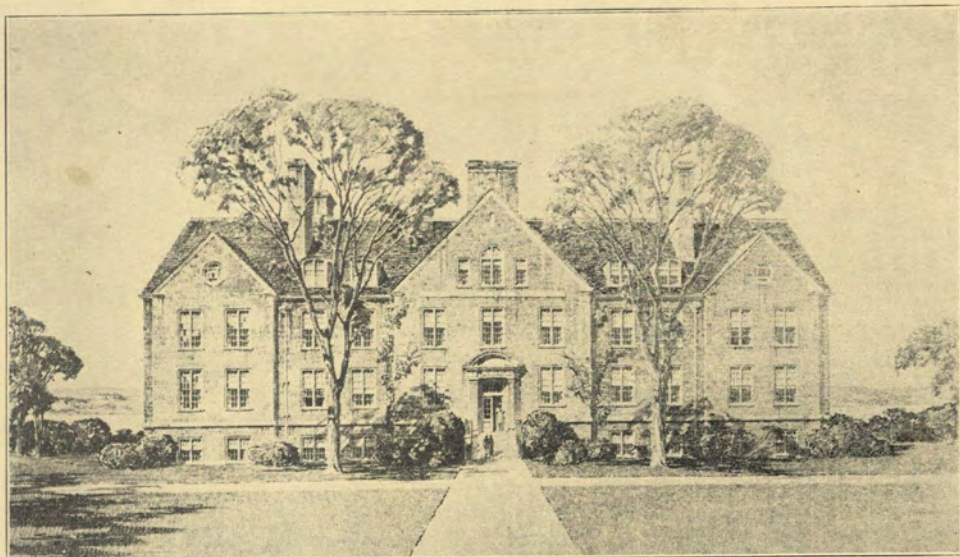
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Vol. 8

NOVEMBER, 1930

No. 1

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FANNING HALL

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# Connecticut College Alumnae News

Vol. 8

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## 1930-31 PROGRAM INCLUDES NEW OFFICERS AND SEARCH FOR LOST C. C. ALUMNAE

### Edith Low '26 Returns to C. C. As Alumnae Secretary

Edith Mott Low '26 is the new full-time secretary of the Connecticut College Alumnae Association. She was appointed this summer by the Executive Board after the interviewing of a good many applicants.

Edith came to C. C. from Bradford Academy. She was a Psychology major and in her senior year was President of the Psychology Club. After graduation, she attended Harvard Summer School. In 1927 she studied at the Simmons School of Social Work where she was President of her class. For the past three years, she has been medical social worker at the Graduate Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania.

The new Secretary writes concerning her work: "There are so many routine things to clear up before a very effective outside program can be arranged, much work in getting files in shape, the Constitution revised, the Alumnae Register published, locating lost alumnae . . . and ex-

members to definitely draw them into an active part of the association.

"The big aim is to broaden and strengthen the contacts of the Alumnae with the College, and College with the Alumnae. In order to do this we are keeping in touch with the progress of other leading colleges through the Alumnae Council. We are giving a good deal of time and thought toward increasing Chapter activities and adding interesting programs to them. We plan to have Alumnae teas for the seniors and develop their contacts with the association before they graduate."

Edith has just returned from the Williamstown American Alumnae Conference.

—o—o—o—

### C. C. Has New Power Plant

More surprising to the Alumnae, who had been somewhat prepared, indeed, for the appearance of Fanning Hall, was the sudden springing up of the new power plant. The antique little frame power house, where one went in the wee small hours to find the watchman and his key, was torn down during the summer.

In its place is a handsome structure of gray pressed brick harmonizing with the stone buildings of the College. Five feet from the building is an octagonal brick stack, 125 feet high—with an ornamental top. As the Campus News says, "We, too, have looked upon our Washington Monument and found it good."

—o—o—o—



EDITH MOTT LOW

Two sisters of Alumnae have entered C. C. as freshmen this year. They are Jean Caroline Dauby, sister of Lillian Dauby Gries '27, and Eleanor Wells Hine, sister of Flora Hine '29. Several more freshmen are sisters of undergraduates.



## FANNING HALL

Melicent Wilcox, 1931

Editor-in-Chief Connecticut College News

With the first semester already an unbelievable three weeks old, Fanning has become so integral a part of our campus goings and comings, of our whole classroom, academic life, that to contemplate that a year ago today it was nothing but an oblong hole in the ground, eating up our old tennis courts, seems impossible.

Its Georgian dignity and loveliness of line are perhaps its first claims to distinction. From the Hartford road, from way down at Eastern Point and coming up from town, it is the first thing that one sees—looming up in simple impressiveness against the sky. At night, lighted into a beauty of light and shadow by the lamps on each side of the east and north doorways, we cherish a secret conviction that it is second to none but the White House.

Fanning boasts the sum of four doorways. We all go tearing in the north doorway, usually, for it conveniently opens off the parking space; though of late our headlong way has often been blocked by crimson-hair-netted, black-stockinged Freshmen kneeling in outward humility, but, we fear, with inward blasphemy to the Purple and Yellow majesty of the Sophomore banner waving over the carved cornices of the doorway. To Seniors alone belongs the privilege of the front walk and the west door of Fanning, for so reads the Senior Proclamation, "Blessed are the underclassmen that avoid Senior Walk between New London and Fanning, for they shall not be led as lambs to the slaughter" and again, "Blessed are the underclassmen that entereth not in and goeth not out by the front door of Fanning which is sacred to the holy feet of the Seniors, for they shall not be pursued with the sword, the pestilence and the famine, and among them there shall be no wailing and ga-nashing of teeth." During these mellow fall days we often find the south doorway open so that down through the long corridor we catch a glimpse of the spires and chimneys of New London town and the shining harbor, alleviating a bit the coming ordeal of a quizz or lecture.

Some day, we are told, the room at the right as you enter the north doorway is to be transformed into a Bookstore-Post Office combination, which is to be a model of efficiency where rush hours are to be a thing of the past and getting one's neighbor's mail mixed up with one's own an unheard-of occurrence.

Classrooms in Fanning are not spectacularly different from our old familiar rooms in New London Hall, except per-

haps for their brand-shiny newness, as yet uncarved and unspattered by leaking fountain pens, and for the lamentable fact that an unknowing architect left out the little panes of glass in the doors through which you could always so conveniently make faces at your friends during their hours of tribulation.

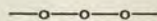
Our first impression of Fanning was miles and miles of stairs and countless little offices—even the most cosmopolitan Senior lost her way at least once. And Fanning is indeed a heaven for Faculty, with enough offices for everyone, assuring the blessed privacy they have craved so long. Many offices open right off the classroom used by the professor. For the uninitiate to find the particular cubby-hole for an appointment with a professor requires a directory, the advice of several friends and five or ten minutes of the trial and error method—but it's a great system just the same!

On the second floor looking towards the gym and the quad is an immense lecture room possessing the dignity of a name all its own—Wyndham Hall. Here hang the portraits of President Marshall and President Sykes and here are held Dr. Well's crowded English lectures, the famous four o'clock Freshman hygiene and all class meetings and get-togethers of any size.

All the administrative offices are on the second floor—spread out in comfortable arrangement—Dean Nye, Dr. Leib, Miss Ramsey, Miss Low, Dean Burdick and Mr. Lambdin—all facing each other down the hall. President Blunt's suite of rooms, at the harbor end, contains, we are told, the comfort and friendliness of a fireplace.

Way up on the fourth floor—we are always out of breath when we have attained it—is the faculty suite, a little living room, a kitchenette and a huge long room for teas and such.

And so, Alumnae, this is Fanning!—our latest pride and joy though as is true of all great things, "words canna do thae trick" and only seeing is believing!



## New Treasurer is Appointed

Due to the resignation of Lois Gordon '26 as Treasurer of the Alumnae Association, Elizabeth Gallup '28 has been appointed to fill the vacancy. Miss Gallup is also President of her class.



## Connecticut College Alumnae News

Vol. 8

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No. 1

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## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief. . . . . Barbara Tracy '27  
State Museum, Springfield, Ill.

Managing Editor. . . Jean Gillette Smith '26

Assistant Editors:

Loretta Roche '21; Helen Douglass North '24; Alice Taylor Dugan '25; Phyllis Heintz '29; Eleanor Tyler '30.

## Lost Alumnae

Are you a lost Alumna? If so, why? Our new Alumnae Secretary, Edith Low, writes that she is spending much of her time trying to locate lost alumnae in order to keep her records correct in the office and to draw these graduates back into the activities of the Association.

Be a part of the organization that keeps you in contact with your college and your college friends! Send in the coupon on the back cover along with the year's dues and you will be found again, you will be contributing to the important work of the new Secretary in making our Association an efficient one which is working for your benefit, and you will receive the ALUMNAE NEWS for the remainder of the year. In no other way can you get the NEWS.

The dues are not high, tear off the coupon and be found.

## I SHALL REMEMBER

Courtesy of the 1930 Koine

I may forget the gladness of small moments  
When I am gone from this blue, reaching hill.  
I may forget the strange, cold things they taught me,  
And laughing faces, scattered, laughing still.  
But passing through a door into a silence  
Or in a sudden pause that shifts and clings,  
I shall remember, with a soft, blurred clearness,  
Beauty—and sounds—and quiet—and homely things.  
I shall remember gold lights in the river,  
The breathless sweep out to the silver sound,  
Sweet, stirring dusk, round globes of yellow softness,  
Long rays from casement windows on quiet ground.  
The panting rush to class on frosty mornings,  
Gray stone and ivy reaching from the mist,  
Old, battered boats rocking at rusty anchor,  
With paintless keels that rippling seas have kissed.  
Swift, earnest hours in little rooms, dim-lighted,  
Half-whispers searching love, and truth, and friends,  
At games, the high, wild shrieks of people cheering,  
The black bridge where the widening river ends.  
The crisp wood smell of outdoor suppers cooking,  
Burnt ashes, and warm rocks, and creeping night.  
The "props" and tenseness of that backstage heaven,  
The stage all set, the blaze of amber light.  
Still, black-gowned shapes with glimmering white candles,  
Passing with quick tears by the rambling wall;  
I shall remember these in sudden hushes,  
Hold to them tenderly, but more than all,  
I shall remember the blue, running river,  
The throbbing deepness of this sky in spring,  
Remember briefly—sweetly—sadly, knowing  
Such blueness was a young and transient thing.

—ELEANOR TYLER, '30



## FORMER PROFESSORS SEND GREETINGS TO C. C. ALUMNAE

As the older graduates went back to campus in June and saw the beauty of its development, they were wont to turn back, and unlock their memories of unfinished buildings, bare grounds, mud, candle light, and the spirit of adventure. And always on that early campus will be the faculty who met the first class there, the president who fired all our imaginations and aspirations, the gentle dean, the vivid, green clad professor of philosophy, the Lincolnesque biologist and the very decorative gym teacher.

Dean Nye still brings serenity to the hilltop, and Dr. Sykes only lives in our loyal memories.

All the rest have gone to other work. Dr. Osburn is head of the Department of Zoology at Ohio State University. "Dr. Barr" is leading an incredibly busy life in California as writer, newspaper woman, and mother of a family. Miss Woodhull, now Mrs. Grant Cline, has two beautiful children, and is making her home in Dunellen, New Jersey.

Mrs. Nancy Barr Mavity writes: "I don't know whether to delve into the past or give a cross section of the present—still less how to make an account of the Mavity family appear like anything but William James' description of a baby's consciousness as 'a big, booming, buzzing confusion,' but here goes.

"First and foremost, there is the family—Nancy, junior, eleven, and in junior high school, and John, going-on-nine, whose passion for science and mathematics certainly does not derive from the maternal side. I'd like to tell what grand youngsters they are, but the report might be considered prejudiced.

"Ever since my return from cavorting about the Far East four and a half years ago, I have been on the staff of the Oakland Tribune as special writer, specializing in murders, riots, criminal trials and such. It seems a far cry from a Connecticut College classroom to setting up as a criminologist, but I'll admit that I have lurid tastes and find the detective stories of real life a fascinating pursuit. I could spin hair-raising yarns a-plenty if we were gathered before the fire at Plant or Blackstone.

"Between whiles, there has been the writing of novels. 'The Tule Marsh Murder' was published in January, 1929. 'The Body on the Floor,' came out October, 1929, and 'The Other Bullet,' appeared in June, 1930. These are brought out by Doubleday Doran and Company in book

form, and serially by the Bell syndicate, so some of you may have run across them in serial form. Last fall I dashed off at a tangent and wrote a book about newspaper work called "The Modern Newspaper," which will be brought out next season by Henry Holt and Company. It is a text book in journalism for college students, so you see my academic leanings were not dead but sleeping."

Mrs. Cline is also busy with her work and her family. She says, "My Jean, three, and Jerry, five, are full of pep and lots of fun. Jerry, you may be interested to know, loves interpretive dancing above all things, so he tells me. And he certainly can dance.

"Besides keeping an eye on the children, I am doing some posture work with pre-school children in New York. Although it is a part time job, I commute to the city every day except Saturday. It is very interesting although a bit different from College work!"

Dr. Osburn sends us the following news:

"As for myself I am still heading up the work in this big university in the Department of Zoology and Entomology. Last year there were nearly 3,400 registrations for work in this department and of course it takes a lot of teachers, sixteen full time professors and instructors and twenty-nine part time assistants the present year. Our graduate work is heavy and we send out eight or ten doctors a year, besides many more masters.

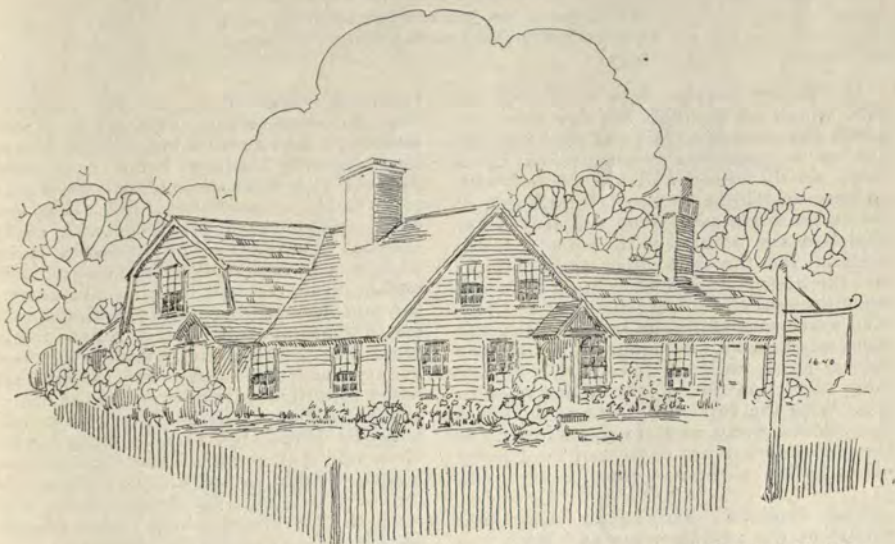
"In the summer I am director of the Franz Theodore Stone Biological Laboratory at Put-in Bay on Gibraltar Island in Lake Erie and have a very choice freshwater biological laboratory there. That keeps me out of mischief in the summer time. About sixty graduate students and investigators are there all summer.

"Besides I have been on the advisory board of the State Fish and Game Division for a number of years, giving some time to planning and overseeing the investigation work done in this field by the state.

"Mrs. Osburn is just about as busy as I am. She takes care of her 88-year-old mother, gives vocal lessons, solos occasionally and directs a women's chorus.

"All in all, we're very busy, very happy and fairly well. The gray hairs are somewhat in evidence. Also there are wrinkles to be mentioned, but they're all twinkle wrinkles and not a worry wrinkle in the bunch."





By Kenneth E. Dike

## ALICE TAYLOR DUGAN, '25, LIVES IN ONE OF CONNECTICUT'S OLDEST HOUSES

It was early fall and every turn in the road brought to view Jack Frost's work along the vine clad stone walls or on some mighty maple. Suddenly we spied a dear little low-browed five gable house at the lower corner of an ancient green. The old picket fence with its wide open gate invited us in to use the brass knocker on the paneled door, a door which once had swung open to the bold knock of Tito, the friendly Indian, when he had come to warn the first settlers that Springfield was to be burned. Again the door had swung open when the horn of the mail coach had been blown, for here was the first post office in Windsor, Connecticut. So it was with a great deal of surprise that we saw the door being swung open by Alice Taylor Dugan '25 who rents her charming old house from the Windsor Historical Society.

Al drew us into a low-ceilinged, quaintly papered room. Old brass candle sticks and kettles gleamed and reflected the light from the tiny many paned windows; Holy Lord and butterfly hinges were on doors

and inside window shutters; ancient polished wood shone forth and called the lover's eye to come and marvel at its graining. The house has seen many generations. A forgotten entrance to a tunnel used for escape from Indian attacks, many fireplaces (the greatest of all with its huge oven is still to be seen on one side of the nine foot chimney in the cellar), and a one hundred and fifty year old rose bush are a few things which mark the passing of the two hundred and ninety years that the Fyler Homestead has been standing. The attic with its bark covered beams pinned together with long wooden pins has a charm which is difficult to resist. Here are the implements for sewing, cooking and in fact all things for living in a by-gone age. It is the sliding panel, however, which starts the mind conjecturing, for surely sometime this lead somewhere out beyond. Yes, there is all that I describe and a great deal more just waiting to be seen by any interested caller who stops at the oldest house in the oldest town in Connecticut.



## INDIA, THE LAND OF CONTRASTS

Gertrude S. Avery, 1922

(Miss Avery has just returned from five years  
as a missionary social service worker in Bombay,  
India.)

The brown barren plain and low-lying hills, which all through the day have endured the scorching rays of the tropical sun as it mercilessly beat down upon them, slowly soften and are effused with an amethyst light as the last red rim of the sun sinks in the West and leaves behind it a sky painted with delicate pastel colors. As the soft hues grow fainter and the grey shadows of evening descend, a gentle cool breeze creeps over the fevered earth and wafts abroad the exquisite scent of jasmine and mogra. Before the colors have entirely faded, the golden lamp of Venus hangs low in the western sky. With the sudden descent of darkness the whole galaxy of stars shine forth. It is over—another hot day—and the beauty of an Indian night has come.

\* \* \*

The sunlight sparkles on the blue waters of the southern sea and fresh salt breezes blow across the green terrace and garden of bright flowers into the open windows of a beautiful Indian home. Rich rugs from Persia, draperies from North India, carved tables from the South paintings from Europe, all are combined artistically in this drawing room. Soft footed servants, dressed in immaculate white, pass cups of fragrant tea which the hostess, beautiful in her silk sari, is pouring. Talk of music and art goes on naturally in this judge's home. Well-mannered children add their contribution to the entertainment of the guests.

In the same city stands a row of dark prison like buildings. Dingy, dirty and gruesome they look from the outside except where here and there a lover of beauty has suspended a green plant in its flower pot outside the window. Inside, the walls along the steep cement stairs are reddened with the beetlenut juice and the halls are cluttered with filth, dirty children and slovenly people. Some of the small one-roomed homes are neat, the brass cooking vessels bright and shining, but in other houses there is smoke and dirt, and boarders share the small space with the family.

\* \* \*

It is a garden party given by the Governor and His Lady. Among the guests are many maharajahs or native rulers. They are distinguishable by their gorgeously colored silk turbans. Here is a young prince with ropes of pearls around his neck. A large lustrous diamond shines forth from the nose of a little ruler. He

is more modest than a large pompous well fed king whose reputation is well known in the horse racing circles. Among the elegantly attired ladies are many Parsees who wear saris of the finest silks and earrings, necklaces, bracelets, and finger rings which are filled with costly jewels. There are Mohammedan ladies with heavy brocaded skirts embroidered with gold thread and wearing silk draperies and jewels. They are without veils for they are educated and advanced thinkers. The whole affair is a show of great beauty and riches. A white coated band plays softly from its position in the center of a magnificent garden. The guests walk leisurely across the terrace enjoying the view and partaking of the rich refreshments, lavishly spread on huge tables. The red coated giants from the North who form the Governor's Body Guard add the final touch to the movie setting.

Not far away in the bazaar the poor mountain folk are bargaining away their few "pice" for supplies of rice. Some of them are nothing but skin and bones. You can count the ribs on the poor old feeble beggars whose legs are like sticks. Half human they seem as they piteously beg for help.

\* \* \*

A thin, emaciated, half-clothed man is talking to a group seated before him. He is one of the world's greatest living men who is saying that it is more love and understanding which is needed. His is the gospel of love and self sacrifice. With this, Mahatnaji Gandhi is stirring the whole world.

A gruesome sight is a so called Hindu holy man who sits on his bed of spikes on the sidewalk. His face and naked body are covered with ashes so that he looks like a clown. His hair is long and piled high on his head. This too, is stiff and white with ashes. What contrasts in asceticism!

\* \* \*

Poor sick women crowd into the clinic. There are women with hard faces and harsh quarrelsome voices. The faces of others are dull and sullen. The door opens and a bright faced girl in a clean white uniform steps among them. She smiles and speaks cheerfully to each. Some respond to what seems like a ray of sunshine but others maintain stolid indifference. This young Indian Christian doctor with her ministry of healing is lighting many dark places.



## Alumnae President Will Visit Chapters

The new President of the Alumnae Association is bringing great interest, vigor, and enthusiasm into her position. She is Mrs. Marion Hendrie Milligan '20 of Emporium, Pa.

While in college, Mrs. Milligan was President of the Dramatic club. Since then she has been Assistant, and later Managing Editor of Good Housekeeping Magazine, teacher of English in Abbott Academy, Ely Court School and Stamford High School. She was married to Francis B. Milligan and has two sons, Edward Hendrie, and Lincoln Barton.

Mrs. Milligan, due to the newly created "President's Fund," will be able to visit many of the Chapters this year. She will visit the Chicago and Cleveland Chapters this fall.

## E. Alverna Burdick is Dean

Miss E. Alverna Burdick, who has been an instructor in the department of Physical Education since 1926, has been appointed Acting Dean of Students.

Dr. Mary K. Benedict, formerly Dean of Students, is starting a medical practice. She comes to the College several times a week as College Physician but does not wish to have full time duties as both Physician and Dean.

The Meriden Chapter has elected officers for the coming year as follows:  
President, Helen Douglass North '24.

Secretary, Madelyn Clish '27.  
Treasurer, Rheta Clark '23.

The Meriden and New Haven Chapters held a joint banquet at the Pekin Duck Inn Farm on the Post Road, North Haven, on October 29th. President Blunt was their guest, telling them more about Connecticut today.

## Dr. Morris and Dr. Lawrence Offer Extension Courses

For the first time in its history, the College is offering extension courses in New London for the benefit of teachers and others of at least high school standing. Dr. Morris is delivering a course of lectures on Mental Hygiene while Dr. Lawrence is presenting Contemporary History. The courses last for fifteen weeks and two points of college credit are allowed.

Dr. Lawrence will be busier than ever for he has offered himself this fall as an available lecturer and has a fairly full date book already. His circular announces two lectures: (1) "Lively Glimpses of American History," bearing the subtitle "Surprises, Chuckles, now and then a Tear, no Yawns, and no Concealments." The materials for this lecture are taken from a book not yet published, which the lecturer is preparing.

(2) "Conflicting Patriotisms," subtitled "What Russia, Italy, France, Germany, and other Nations are Teaching their School Children about Patriotism and War."

# AWAY FROM THE HILLTOP

1919

Correspondent: Grace Cockings  
336 Main Street, Bristol, Conn.

The class will be shocked to hear of the sudden death of Roger Nelson, son of Marion Rogers Nelson, on October 14, 1930. The boy had had several operations on his larynx but was supposedly improving, when he suddenly died in the night. We send our deepest sympathy to his parents.

A son, Shepard Williams Baker, was born, August 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. Glad-den W. Baker, (Billie Williams). Her little daughter, Janet, is two years old.

Billie writes: "In June, Fetra Perley Reiche, Margaret Davies Cooper and

Betty Rumney Poteat visited me and we had a delightful time discussing the past, present and future."

Irma Hutzler and Marion Rogers Nelson called on Polly Christie and found her looking well. Esther Barnes and Prent were also visitors this summer. Polly is painting Christmas cards again this year and if anyone in 1919 is interested, address her, Norwich, Conn., Box G.

Dorothy Gray Manion and her husband have bought a house in Upper Montclair.

From one of '19, I have the news that Prent is to work part time next year and attend the Simmons College School of Social Work.

Margaret Maher surprised me in June by driving up to spend the day. Esther Barnes came to see me in August.



Ruth Avery French has a new daughter, Jean Gertrude, born July 3, 1930. Billy is now four years old.

Evelyn Bitgood Coulter and family drove to Akron, Ohio, this summer, for a visit. Earlier in the season, Ev drove Jane, Clem Jordan Goulart and her Joan down to Westport, R. I., where they visited with Amy Kugler Wadsworth. Since arriving home from the West, Ev and Jane went up in the Goodyear blimp and sailed over New Bedford for twelve minutes.

"Peanut" Keefe and Cora Neilan Henrici, ex '19, conducted a fishing pond booth for children at a hospital bazaar in New London.

Sue Wilcox and her sister took trips in their car during the vacation. The first was over the Mohawk Trail, the next across the Connecticut River at Haddam, down to Saybrook and along the shore to Stonington and home. The third was to Great Barrington, into New York State, across the Hudson, past the Ashokan Dam and home. Sue has been playing lots of tennis this summer on her new private court.

Lucy Marsh Haskell spent part of her vacation at Ocean Point, Maine, where she goes almost every year.

Ruth Anderson was Osteopath at Birch Crest Camp, Oakland, Maine, this summer. She expects to work with Dr. Erdman of Philadelphia, this next year. Ruth saw and talked with Henrietta Costigan Peterson at Henrietta's graduation. Her average for the four years was over 90%.

Florence Carns wrote me from her home in East Berlin. She expected to go to a Chapter meeting at Marjorie Doyle Sullivan's in Meriden, early in September. This summer Florence visited Marguerite Paul in Milford, attending a sale of antiques with her. Marguerite, who has a new Buick, took Florence over to Madison to call on Catherine Cone Ford and her two children.

### 1920

Correspondent: Kathryn Hulbert Hall  
14 Crescent St., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

A greeting from our new President, Dotty Stelle Stone, comes just in time for this first number: "How I wish I had taken a course in type-writing when in college but little did I ever think I should assume the duties of the President of the Class of 1920! My warmest greetings to all of you, those who came to reunion and those who were among the missing. My efforts to organize my household, which is maidless, for a two days' absence were well rewarded. It was simply corking after ten years to return to our beautiful campus and meet all the old gang. Gone are

those awful goats which were the pest of Winthropites! No longer do the heels sink into nice oozing brown mud! The change on the campus is simply miraculous. The younger classes have no idea of what they missed, have they?

"You will all be glad to know that due to the diligent efforts of your present class treasurer, LaFetra Perley Reiche, the missing bankbook has been dug out of its resting place, the class funds are quite intact and the books have been audited and found to be correct. In a class letter which I hope we can publish a little later on we shall endeavor to give a report of the financial status of the class to date. A great many have neglected to pay the Baby Fund. Won't you please send a check if possible?

"To all the class of 1920 my warmest greetings, and the hope that you will all respond in the near future when the roll is called for our class letter."

"Stelle adds in her letter: 'While in Canada this summer Mary Elizabeth and I visited Grace Waller Preston while my husband and young son did Quebec and the Saguenay River. Grace has a lively boy and a very demure little girl, Ann, of three years, a strong contrast to my tomboy Mary Elizabeth. It was a treat to see Grace and her children and I enjoyed every minute of it. Also had brief glimpses of Al Horrax and Betty Rumney and her cunning little Sally. My two children romped through the garden in Colebrook where Mrs. Horrax has a lovely old home. Son tried to park a stone wall in the brook . . . the stones made a gorgeous splash. The consumption of tea and cookies by the Stone family was a record one. Feta and I had a recent reunion at her mother's new home in Windsor, Conn., where we transacted much class business. Feta has two boys and we are planning to get our children together soon. Wonder what the reaction will be!'

Jessie Menzies Luce, our ex-correspondent, writes in the midst of packing (you'll get a golden crown in heaven for that deed, Jessie): 'We are moving next week to 290 Weaver Street, Larchmont, N. Y., where we hope our babies will gain rosy cheeks and I'll save on shoe leather and baby carriage tires. We've decided that it is almost impossible to bring up two children on the top floor of an apartment so we're packing our children and dishes in barrels and rolling them to Westchester. This summer after our visit to Phil's family in N. H. we rented a friend's house in Scarsdale, N. Y., and there I saw Feta and Joan on visits . . . Joan came with her lovely young son Bruce. Bruce is such a darling and so beautifully brought up.





Bruce, son of Joan Munro Odell

"We had lunch with Jake Wells Lawrence in Glenbrook one day . . . five of us from C. C.—Jake, Joan, Dot Hover Drummond, Alberta Lynch Sylvester and myself, and our seven children. There should have been eight but Bobby Luce was left at home in the backyard eating acorns (he spent his summer in his pen under an oak tree!) Agnes Mae and Charlie came to see us too . . . we went over to see Evelyn Gray Talmadge, who, by the way, will be near me in Larchmont."

Al. Gardner's wedding was lovely . . . in the church of St. John the Evangelist, with mellow October sunlight pouring through the stained glass windows. . . . Stelle, Marion Hendrie Milligan, Helen Sturgis, and Kay Hulbert Hall were there from C. C. Al's sister Betty who recently married Helen Sturgis' brother, Shelton, was the matron of honor and John's sister, Helen, was a bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. John Denniston Crawford will be at home on Beacon Hill after Nov. 15th.

## 1921

Correspondent: Anne P. Flaherty  
120 Madison Ave., New York City

The College News for October 11th has the following advertisement of interest to 21.

### THE RUSSIAN ROOSTER in Groton, across the bridge

"A bit of old Russia in a metamorphosed barn"—Shelley Brackman, Art-Critic of the Boston Transcript and Chicago Post.

An Unusual Place at Which

To Lunch

To Tea

To Dine

To Dance

Afternoon tea from the Samovar.

Under the Management of

Loretta Murnane and Dorothy Henkle.

From our President, Dot Wulf: "The most important thing our class has to think of now is our TENTH REUNION in June!

"Now is the time for everyone in '21 to know that they are all expected to be present and plan now to reserve that week-end for our biggest C. C. celebration. All ideas and suggestions will be gratefully received. Of course, the presentation of our sundial is one important event that will be scheduled."

She went to Europe again this summer and writes in part: "Of course we went to Oberammergau and I wish you could have seen where we stayed—way out in the edge of nowhere along a brook and up in a valley; walking home after dark with only an occasional light was an adventure. The play was all and more than I had expected. It was a gorgeous day, cold and clear, and the morning sun shining on the stage made all the tableaux and other scenes with their colorful costumes just perfect."

Loretta Roche is still in the New Haven Library.

Ethel Mason Dempsey spent her vacation in Nova Scotia.

Ella McCollum Vahlteich says, "Ruth's baby is just a darling and is beginning to be so interesting. This summer we stopped in to see Dr. Jennie Hippolitus and she is enjoying her work as school physician in New Haven. We often see Gladys Beebe Millard who has a lovely home out in Milburn, N. J., and Batch who lives near. Evelyn Utley '30 is working with Dr. Sherman and is living in our house."

And now for me (Anne Flaherty). I had a wonderful trip this summer. Left the day school closed on the Conte Grande,—Dot Wheeler was on the boat. She got off at Gibraltar. I landed at Naples and spent two and a half weeks in Italy. It certainly was all I had ever imagined—and more. Italian being the latest language I've tackled, I had a fine practice all along. . . . Among the thousands at the Passion Play I met Muriel Ashcroft.

I spent quite a bit of time in Germany and went up as far as Dresden and Berlin,—then to Paris (via Charleroi, Belgium—page Miss Ernst!). I met Meddie Dougherty '19 standing next to me in line for mail at the American Express! Spent a week in London during the worst heat wave they had ever had. Came back on the Bremen in 4½ days, just in time to begin work again, and met Ethel Kane and Florence Appel on the boat.

Alice Purtilt was in Europe this summer with Claire Calnen,—had a letter from Al in Lucerne but just got there too late to meet her.



1922

**Correspondent: Dorothy Wheeler**  
**19 Shultas Place, Hartford, Conn.**

A banquet for 15 at the Norwich Inn—such was our reunion in June. Minneola, Madie, Constance, Marj Smith, Mil Duncan, Claudine Elizabeth Merrill, Gertrude Avery, Millsie, Augusta, Helen Sumner, Jeannette, Abby Carley, Mary Carley (now a grown-up young lady) and I informally caught up on the class news.

M. P. Taylor spent the summer somewhere on Cape Cod. Constance Hill Hathaway was in Noank most of the time, recuperating more than vacationing.

Al Hagar got out the old typewriter and tapped these bits: "Martz and I went to Vermont the middle of July and I stayed for a month. Besides all the delights of fishing and swimming and not having to get meals, I was fortunate in seeing a lot of Polly and 'Doc' Harwood. Also Mickey Lawson Johnson '24 and little David. Margaret Ives '20, who was on a motor trip, stopped one day to see some friends of mine in Burlington. I had a letter from Oaty Tuthill Reid during the summer. Her children are such adorable youngsters."

The Saturday before Labor Day I sighted a familiar figure driving through my home town,—Margaret Baxter has confessed that it was she and writes: "I had left Seal Harbor, Maine, Friday P. M. by boat to Boston. I got home for a late lunch on Saturday and left at 3:45 A. M. Sunday and arrived here (George School, Pa.) in time for dinner—211 miles from New London." She is head over heels in love with her work and I am beginning to get some measure of the same fever for I am this fall taking over some of the Girls Guidance work in our High School of 1630 pupils. Margaret plans to go to Detroit in February for the Vocational Guidance, Personnel and Deans' Meetings. She has finished Harvard's requirements and has her Ed.M.

Gertrude Avery, home from five years of educational work in India, is studying at the School of Social Work and the Union Seminary in New York City, and living and helping in a settlement. She has spared time to write a most delightful article on India. Don't miss reading it elsewhere in this issue.

Here we have Claudine Smith Hane's family, taken last Spring. Melicent Esther, who is six, just loves school and is the brightest in her class. The Tomboy (what will you bid for him?) is all boy and no doubt about it. He is two and he claims the name of Stephen Elmer.

One day early in the fall I went into



**Children of Claudine Smith Hane**

our school office and found myself standing beside Dorothy Gordon ex '22. She was substituting in our gym department.

Anne Flaherty was on the same boat going to Europe with me in June and Claire Calnen sat at the next table to mine on the return voyage. In Paris I met Marjorie and Edna Smith three different times. Marj has written: "I loved London. It seemed almost like home in spite of the hundreds of years of history it is wrapped in. One day we lunched on the Field of Runnymede by the river Thames. Actually seeing places like that brings history alive and the level field, in my imagination, was peopled with the signers of the Magna Charta."

"The high points of our trip came in Switzerland and Italy. Three of us spent an afternoon on Bergenstock, across the lake from Lucerne, and had a marvelous view of the surrounding country. Perhaps we enjoyed it more because it was so unexpected."

"The other high point was our trip to Vesuvius at night, about three weeks after the earthquakes. (We didn't see any signs of the destruction, by the way). It was thrilling to watch the volcano erupt and scatter the red-hot lava down the crater. We were almost a mile away, with no desire to go any nearer. The lava hissed and sputtered as it cooled; I can imagine what it must have been like at closer range. As it was we figured if anything happened, we could beat the lava down the mountainside and we wouldn't have bothered about paths! To cap the climax, a full moon appeared over a far distant mountain so that the night was perfect. Never do I expect to see anything more impressive than rumbling old Vesuvius, with its cap of smoke during the day and flaming crown at night."



## 1923

Correspondent: Mary Langenbacher  
716 Old Lancaster Rd., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

The announcement of the marriage of Marion Page to Earle Kenneth French of Bath, Maine, on June 25th has been sent to me. Their wedding trip took them through Maine and Canada. Now they are living in Belmont, Massachusetts, where Mr. French is teaching. Marion hopes to become affiliated with the Boston Chapter. Best wishes to them.

Carmela Anastasia Grenquist is all agog over the "grand surprise" of last June when she accompanied her husband on a business trip to Finland, almost to the Russian border, travelling by air, land and sea. She was sea-sick and air-sick, but did not let that interfere at all with her "golden opportunity." She visited eight countries, but was most impressed with the Finnish lakes and islands, the midnight sun, the thick pine forests, and the Scandinavian peasant life. Quoting from her letter, "I have been visiting Mildred Fagan McAllen '20. She has one little girl, Clare, three years old and now a new baby, Donald, four months old,—such beautiful children."

Vivienne Mader is living in Hollywood and giving programs of interpretative hula dances. She has spent several months living with native Hawaiians and now is reviving the "Old Island Arts" and "giving a definite knowledge of the legends and traditions of old Hawaii, and fascinating rhythmic native dances." Such people as Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn and Mrs. Cecil de Mille were patrons at one of her recitals given September 3rd at the Women's Athletic Club in Los Angeles. It seems as though Vivienne is well started on an interesting career. Our congratulations go to her. Vivienne writes, "I spent from January to June in those paradise Isles, visiting one island after another, living in their native homes, eating poi, raw octopus, lomi lomi and other native foods. I have 1600 feet of moving picture film which I should like you all to see." She visits the Ben Turpins often and he "clowns all day from dawn till midnight and is as proud as punch of his 'cock-eye' as he terms it. . . The hula with its slow fluid curves is the spirit of the sea as well as the 'poetry of Hawaii' and so the ocean is the parent of both those arts which bring them closer together than one would at first think." At the time Vivienne wrote she was about to meet Mr. Behymer of the Philharmonic Auditorium who had attended her recital and had asked for an interview. We shall be expecting more news from Hollywood soon.

And many cards remain unanswered.

## 1924

Correspondent: Helen Douglass North  
Maple Ave., North Haven, Conn.



Gertrude Huff Blank's Family

At last—word has been received from Gertrude Huff Blank who lives at 107 Gordonhurst Avenue, Montclair, N. J., and how glad we all are to have her break her spell of long silence. She even goes to the extreme length of sending in the cunning snapshot (which she says is "miserable") of her three youngsters—Philip, who, at the time the picture was taken, was celebrating his fourth birthday as can be seen from the festive clown cap; Frances, who was two years old in August; and the baby, Peter Halsted, who was six months old on Philip's birthday. "The children," says Gertrude, "are all quite fair in coloring and they're lively enough to have me in a state of exhaustion by dinner time. As to that, you see, they're just average." Gert adds, "I think Lola Marin's little Billy Matthews didn't have his arrival noted in the News. He's a lovely baby, and though two weeks younger than our Peter is about twice the size. It's worth while having a doctor for a daddy!"

Virginia Eggleston became the bride of Joseph Colin Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Richardson Smith of Brookline, Mass., on August 16 at the Second Congregational Church, New London. Jinny wore a gown of ivory satin made from the same material which was used in the wedding gown of her maternal grandmother, Sarah Cromwell Tate of New London, who married Stephen Wells of Wethersfield in 1874. She was attended by her sister, Katherine. They returned from their wedding trip on September 15, and are now living at 17111 Kenyon Road, Cleveland, Ohio. Since her graduation from Connecticut, Virginia has attended the Yale School of Drama. Recently she was costume designer and dramatic coach at New London, and later stylist at Wm.



Taylor Sons and Co., in Cleveland. Mr. Smith attended Yale University.

Another bride will live in Cleveland. Martha Bolles was married to Mr. Charles Frederick Ramus, Tuesday, August 26, at St. Christopher's-by-the-River, Gates Mills, Ohio.

Bob Hamblet spent the months of June and July traveling through northern Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, and as usual had a grand time. She stressed particularly her enjoyment of her swims in the Swiss lakes.

On her return to Washington, D. C., in September from Maine where she spent the summer at Flye Point, Peggy Call stopped in New Haven where she visited Peg Dunham for a week. They drove to Pawtucket, Rhode Island, to catch a glimpse of Minna Gardner Thompson and her family and report that Min et al are simply fine. Minna's new address is 25 Marbury Ave., Pawtucket, R. I., and she wants everyone who is ever in that vicinity to be sure to drop in and see her.

Helen North, alias "Doggie," quite literally bumped into Gladys Barnes on the pier of the Cunard-Anchor Line when the S. S. Cameronia docked in New York on September first. Glad was looking simply splendid and had come up from Philly by train to meet some friends, and Doggie had driven down from New Haven to meet her mother and sister.

In August, Doug attended a Denison family reunion in Mystic and took that opportunity to run over to Stonington for a chat with Peg Sheldon Bindloss. Peggy's youngster, Joan, is very cunning, has very dark, beautiful eyes, and a headful of almost jet black hair.

Dot Brockett Terry and small daughter, Betty, who is a darling, spent September in the North visiting friends and relatives.

## 1925

**Correspondent:** Alice Taylor Dugan  
Palisado Green, Windsor, Connecticut

Although a third of a year has past since our Fifth Reunion I think it will be of interest to the majority of our classmates to know that twenty-one of the sixty-nine that graduated returned. It certainly was a great little old reunion with just so many things to go to that one couldn't get them all into one very brief week-end. Corsages and canes with purple and gold ribbons were the key note of the class day costume. A quiet class banquet was held at the Mohican hotel. Peg Ewing Hoag entertained her classmates most delightfully, as only Peg can, in her garden with a delicious Sunday dinner. Peg, by the way, is now living at 8 Garden Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Garrett is working for a law firm in Boston.

Emily Warner won the blue ribbon for

speed this month by coming through with the first post card filled with news. Emily saw Helen Nichols at the "Bermuda" in September. Helen was on her way to Bermuda on her honeymoon. Man's name unknown. Jackie (Albree) and Hap Houston have moved to St. Mark's Apt., Castleton Park, St. George, Staten Island.

Sue Stolzenberg Baker reported that the New London '25ers had nothing new to report. Sue's big news item was that son Teddy began an important period in his life when he started into kindergarten this fall.

Elsa Deckelman has just been made Advertising Manager of S. F. Iszaed Co. in Elmira, N. Y.

Kay Boyle is still convalescing in Maine but is expecting to be back at work before long. Olive Brooke is at the State Health Laboratory and in charge of one of the Departments for which she wrote a scholarly and interesting article and had it published in a recent Health Department Bulletin. Modest Dorothy Kilbourn neglected to mention herself.

Connie Parker writes that K. Meinecke Crawford with her baby visited K.'s mother at Squam Lake, New Hampshire, this summer.

Thelma Burnham and Adele Knecht took the Great Lakes trip this summer.

Margery Field Shaw managed to find time to write delightful jingles advertising Easthampton's largest benefit entertainment even though she has a very lively baby daughter.

Aileen Fowler Dike spent her vacation motoring through New England with her husband. The trip included a visit with Laura Drake Langmuir in Portland and a visit with Prue Drake who had just returned from the Continent. Beanie's husband made the original drawing of the Fyler Homestead, where your correspondent is living—see page 5.

The members of the Class of 1925 were delighted to note that their classmate, Gertrude Noyes, was the author of the "Report on the Inauguration of President Blunt."

Winifred Smith Passmore with her son and husband visited her mother at Mansfield, Connecticut, this summer before she set sail for the Pacific Ocean where her husband, Captain Passmore, has been transferred. I hope to have more news for the next issue. Win's blue eyed, light haired son is adorable and has a delightful way of taking a visitor's hand in order to take one to the finest spots to play.

The following announcement was recently received: "A. Parks McCombs, M.D., Announces the Opening of Her Office at 147 East 50th St., N. Y. C." Parkie's Mother has come up from the south and is making a home for her. '25 swells with pride.



## 1926

**Correspondent:** Elizabeth A. Blair  
243 Carroll St., Hammond, Indiana

A diminutive blue note from Helen Hood Diefendorf announced the arrival of her son, Bobby, on September twenty-eighth. According to his mother he has "lots of nice dark hair, blue eyes, one little dimple and a pug nose. . . . Kay Bailey stopped to see us on her way home from Europe. She plans to come back again in about a month. Sis Angler has started research work in a doctor's office, and is delighted."

The wedding of Jean Gillette and George Robert Smith took place in Springfield, Illinois, on the thirteenth of September. "Salty" is a newspaper man. They went up to northern Wisconsin to fish on their honeymoon. Harriet and her Mother came from California for the wedding, Harriet being Jean's only attendant. While in the middle west, Harriet visited their old home in Winona, Minnesota, where she saw several C. Cites—including Marty Lamberton Sweatt '24, and Becky Rau '29. She has gone back to California to keep house for her brothers in San Marino and have a gay time.

Early in October, Virginia Hays '24 and I had luncheon with Hazel Osborn and her mother. Hazel could hardly wait till we were seated to show us the pictures of a very sweet two weeks old nephew. Then she told us that she was encountering some difficulties in trying to find a good way to New York via California.

Dorothy Brooks spent the summer trying not to spend her profits on chocolate peppermints. (A collegiate weakness she has never outgrown). She made some of the aforementioned profits by having a branch shop in Burlington, Vermont. She says, "The shop never sees me before ten-thirty and I am free to leave early occasionally. So you see, I'm getting some vacation after all."

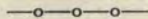
After spending a strenuous winter studying in New York, Imogen Hostetler writes that she had a delightful vacation. She spent the month of July at Cape Cod and visited Babs Brooks Bixby before going home to Washington to take up social service in a big way. "I begin work in a few days with the Child Welfare Division of the Board of Public Welfare in Washington and I think it will prove very interesting."

By this time we all know that D. D. Low is Alumnae Secretary. How nice it will be to have her there all the time. Somehow it seems to give us all closer contact with the college. Congratulations, D. D.

Betsy Linsley broke the silence last June but too late for publication. She is at the Bethany Day Nursery in New York City. Here is part of the letter: "While the superintendent of this institution is on vacation I have charge of the whole blooming establishment including 100 or so kids in the daytime and 9 or 10 maids. Grand fun! The cherubs are so nice and dirty after playing on sooty New York roofs! Of course I had diphtheria like the rest of the babies."

Pete Cogswell Harvell has a new and very patriotic son, Paul Cogswell Harvell. He was born on the Fourth of July.

Our Hammond street number has been changed to 243 Carroll Street. If anyone has any news, please don't wait to be asked for it. Our address will be changed again soon we hope to Flossmor, Illinois. This time we trust that the change will be permanent for we are building our own home,—a Cape Cod cottage.



## 1927

**Correspondent:** Margaret Woodworth  
515 Laurel Road, Ridgewood, N. J.

Best wishes to two more brides. Frances Fletcher is now Mrs. Frank Cheney Learned. She was married on the 17th of June. Peg Rich has been Mrs. William Raley since June 21. She was married at a quiet home wedding with her sister, Edith, as her only attendant. Marie Copp, Peggy Battles, Helen McKee and Bob Tracy drove up from New London for it. Peggy Briggs '28 was also there. They have moved into New York from Flushing for the winter.

Gravy, Laurie Dunham, and Canty drove to Paducah, Ky., in the Canty Ford. They had a wonderful week reuniting with Paducah.

Jerry Jerman has a marvelous job touring New England for some Boston fancy wrapping paper concern. Seems to be a job one dreams about.

Nubs Vernon has given up a job with the Hoffman Beverage Co., and is studying more chemistry at N. Y. U.

Bob Tracy left Springfield, Illinois, on four hours' notice and got back for commencement. After graduation she went up to Burlington, Vermont, and visited Katherine Pease Carleton, husband, and adorable little son, Nathaniel Phillips. Being a true chip off both blocks, he was quite a linguist—having a vocabulary of over 50 words. He was then fifteen months old. Bob went back to New London for the races, staying over on the State Road with Mary Crofoot where countless reunions were held. Back at work, she is taking tap dancing as a winter's entertainment.



Honey Lou Owens writes that Alcie is still with the League of Women Voters in Washington. She travels about speaking to League groups, having recently been in West Virginia, going by private car! She "seems to be knocking 'em dead on whatever parliamentary points she discusses," says Honey Lou.

Helen McKee is a Freshman at Cornell Medical School where she is hard at it, "absorbing new facts as fast as her mental digestive processes will work." She thinks it is hard but fascinating work. '27 will have its doctor after all.

And '27 already has its nurse. When Harriet Eriksson came up for reunion in June we found that she was head nurse in a surgical ward at Presbyterian Hospital. She told an exciting tale of an airplane adventure when their plane, on the way to Boston, landed them in the sound near Fall River instead. Luckily the tide was low so they scrambled out, waded to shore, and called a taxi.

We cannot keep from passing on one of Dr. Jensen's class day remarks. "Miss Dauby," he drawled, "did you finally marry that Bear Skin Coat?"

## 1928

**Correspondent:** Henrietta L. Owens

10 East 16th St., New York City

Here are our new class officers:

President, Elizabeth Gallup; Vice-president, Peg Merriam Zellers; Secretary, Lucia Gay; Treasurer, Abbie Kelsey; Chairman Entertainment, Jeannette Bradley Brooks.

Not overlooking those mysterious activities of all the little mothers of 1928 who are occupied these fall days with gruels and bottles and toofs and prams and panties and so on, we herewith claim for Roberta Bitgood the 24-hour Busy Record. Here are some of the things she is and does: gold medal graduate of the Guilmont Organ School where she now does post-graduate work, Fellow of the American Guild of Organists, graduate student at Columbia, accompanist at University Settlement, organist at First Presbyterian Church, organist at First Moravian Church, organist (for noon services) and player of chimes—we suspect that "carillonneur" is the word—at Grace Episcopal Church, all in New York City.

Dot Blair is still in the Satevepost's advertising department in Chicago.

Dot Bayley and Honey Lou spent a few grand weeks this summer scuttling about England in a Baby Austin, going to Concert Parties in Ireland, riding with poultry in third class continental trains, and dancing to the strains of tziganne music on the Great Hungarian Plains. At present Dot

is pegging away at her life's work (art) in Woodhaven.

Jeanette Bradley Brooks acquired a husband (Richard Brooks) and a C. C. sister-in-law (Dot Brooks '26) by "ankling up the aisle" on May 10. The Richard Brooks are living in Springfield, Mass.

Barbara Chesebro is now Mrs. Charles Herbert Cowan III of Stonington. Peggy Battles, '27 was one of her attendants.

Bugs Cloyes is physio-theraping at the New York State Reconstruction Hospital in West Haverstraw.

Reba Coe physically educates the gels of Tufts College these days.

Dot Davenport is leaving her new Dodge speedboat behind, and is off to Europe again, headed for new international conquests. Did you hear how an Italian innamorata last year begged Mrs. Davenport for her daughter's hand? Dot got out of that with a bushel of red roses. We wonder if Italian roses bloom in winter months.

President Gallup is giving North Adams a big treat this winter by staying at home. She and Karla Heurich and Jerry Jerman all visited Debby Lippincott in Maine this summer, and there are tales of a great Quebec trip they took for purposes other than antique-hunting.

Grace Bigelow was married to Edward Stark Churchill on the sixth of September in Middletown.

Mollie Scribner was married to George A. Pope, in the early fall. They took a motor trip East and are now living on Willowhurst Ave., Colonial Heights, Cleveland, Ohio.

Betty Gordon did stupendous things in Arizona last summer—killed rattlesnakes, captured and tamed foxes and mountain lions, branded calves and helped bring in some 400 wild horses (mustangs) from the mesas. We always knew there was a power of muscle in them little arms (which are at present engaged in helping the M. E.'s and C. E.'s and Sc. D.'s of M. I. T. get out their Alumnae Mag.).

There isn't a Marnie Howard any more, but there is a Mrs. James S. Ballantyne who since August 22 has been piano-playing and cake-making for a 1930 Harvard Law graduate of that name. They are living in Belmont, Mass.

Fran Huling did some Helen Wills-ing last summer, being the winner, with her cousin, of the mixed doubles tennis championship of the Larchmont (N. Y.) Beach Club, also the state title-holder of the women's singles championship of Vermont. She is living in Larchmont.

Dil Page was married on Sept. 6 to Homer Edward McNutt (Wesleyan '28). They live in Hopewell, Va., where Mr. Dil, who is a chemist, is doing research work.

Eleanor Penney Herbst's young son,



born August 26, is named David Conrad Herbst.

Mildred Rogoff has announced her engagement to David Gordon Angell, an attorney of New York City.

And here is 1928's child, Alida Sanford Van Bronkhorst, aged six months, shouting with glee as our charter member of C. C.'s Class of 1951.



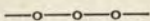
**Class Baby of 1928**

Carol Van Buskirk has moved to Washington, where she is a student dietitian at Walter Reed Hospital.

Kay Whitely was married on June 28 to Burnside Winslow. The Winslows are living in New Haven.

Caroline Whittemore Leone's daughter, born May 15, is named Carmela Frances Leone.

There are 35 matrons, 5 mothers and 90 eligible maidens in 1928. Anybody want to write an essay about it?



## 1929

**Correspondent: Muriel Kendrick**  
Mount Ida School, Newton, Mass.

Happiness to our many brides! Peg Bristol is married to Russell Carleton—they live in Foxboro, Mass. Pat Early is Mrs. Logan Pierce, living in Oak Park, Illinois. On June 26 Jane Kinney and Rockwell Smith were married; their home is in Cleveland. Also in Cleveland—Mrs. Edward Schroeder (Lib McLaughlin); they were married June 28. On September 18, Florence Moxon became Mrs. Henry Tomlinson. Kippy Ranney, on August 2, was married to Robert Cushman; after a honeymoon in Europe they are now living at 133 Cottage Street, New Haven, while he attends Yale Law School. Pat Early Pierce was one of Kippy's bridesmaids. (Will someone please look at a certain chewing gum ad in the October College Humor, and confirm my suspicions?) Mrs. Stanley Young (Migs Linde) was expected back from Europe in September.

Reports of splendid summers are coming in. Pat Hine and Mary Slayter mo-

tored to Cleveland in August, where they saw other college friends. Liz Lancot was at Boulder, Colorado, studying, and afterwards experienced a bit of life on a dude ranch. She is back at St. Margaret's this fall, presumably having the good fortune to be playing hockey in this crisp autumn air.

Jan Boomer took a trip to California this summer. While there, she lunched with Jean Hamlet and Gin Shank. Ginney is engaged to a man in Portland, Oregon. Jean drove out and was visiting her grandfather in Port Townsend.

Peg Burroughs went on the North Cape cruise with a group from college. Sonnie Smith drove east during the summer, and expects to winter in California. Scat has been in Europe.

Others studied the summer through. Marg Anderson got her M.S.S. from Smith, and Winnie Link started out in the same work which Marg just finished. Marg, Winnie, and I "reunited" at the Sweetheart Tea Room one eventful Sunday. Becky Rau studied physiotherapy at Harvard Summer School.

Once more at classes—Bibbo Riley is at a secretarial school in Portland, Maine. Allie Safford is at Lothrop School of Landscape Architecture. Shaw is studying art in Boston.

Chili says—but don't believe it all—"At last I'm really ready to give John H. Fahey a break and have started in—officially—as his secretary, but I'm so awful I expect to be joining the unemployed in a few weeks." (It's due to the fact that Chili is such an excellent typist that you are getting much of this news.)

Zeke Speirs has merited a promotion and is now assistant to Mr. Crawford, head of the Personnel Bureau at Yale. Betty Kane and Pat Hine are back in the Reference Department of the Life Insurance Sales Research Bureau in Hartford. Frankie Tillinghast is treasurer of John Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven, while Greenie has a secretarial job in a girls' private school in New York.

Terry is teaching at the Watertown Day Nursery School—as she says, "I button buttons and tie shoelaces,"—but it's likely there is more to it than that. She is living at home. Dot Adams has a position in a lawyer's office in Norwalk. Dot Thayer is with Balfour's in Attleboro—deep in the lore of fraternity pins.

Speedro Greer and Phil Heintz both work in Bloomingdale's in New York in the training department, and are very enthusiastic about it all. Phil and Helen Roeber have an apartment at 233 West 21st street.



Others imparting knowledge—Fish is teaching French in a girls' private school outside Philadelphia. Ros Holmes teaches art in Guilford and Lyme. I (Ken) am teaching English and Psyc. at Mount Ida in Newton. (Fervent thoughts of English 1-2 and of Miss Leahy!)

—o—o—o—

### 1930

Correspondent: Eleanor Tyler  
44 Morningside Drive, Apt. 43, N. Y. C.

Well, (drawing a long breath) we're out! This is the freedom we've thought about for four years. This is the state we could never quite realize when we looked ahead at times like Senior Banquet. And some of us have jobs and the hunting is over—and others of us haven't and there are tired feet still to come. And some of us are playing for a while, and a few of the luckiest have joined the ranks of the married.

Bianca and Brad (Harry Bradbury, rising young lawyer) were married on August 14th in West Haven, before a weeping delegation from Winthrop, and left in a new roadster for a camp in Maine. They're now keeping house in New Milford, with a dog and a cat that have to be brought in nightly.

Dot Harner was married on the evening of September 20th to Olin Alvin Saunders (Spike) Yale '28. It was a lovely wedding, with crowds of 1930 people present, and Jean Burroughs, Pete Brooks, Burhans, and Babe as the bevy of beautiful bridesmaids. The young couple are now residing in Yonkers. When last heard from the living-room rug had just arrived.

And Peggy Litch was married on October 4th to Theodore Redlack, whose West Point uniform has graced our campus for many years. Sunny and Jean were in the wedding party. They have a brand new house with some enormous number of rooms in Danielson.

And the sea, (to quote the prophecy) did finally get Edie Allen after all, in spite of the false start we all remember. She was married on June 28th to Donald B. MacDiarmid, and they're located at the Naval Air Station in Pensacola, Florida.

There are several more weddings on the horizon. Eleanor Thayer, who refused to run around the table long ago—in June, announced her engagement to Al Toney when she came back from Europe in September. Now she's at home learning do-

mestic science in preparation for keeping house sometime in January.

At the end of September Helen Burhans announced her engagement to Kingdon Bishop of Syracuse. King is working in Detroit where they're planning to live after the wedding, sometime next spring.

After the prophecy (dig out your Newses) was it Fate that put Mercer into the children's underwear department in Macey's, as the beginning of her training course?

Johnny is in Macy's too, training for the financial end of it, and slaving in Shoes when her help is needed, which seems to be pretty often.

Connie Green and Fanny have jobs in Lord and Taylor's waiting for them in November. They were so thrilled to be wanted that they forgot to ask about their small remuneration and don't know yet how much they're going to get.

Pete is "shadowing" the buyer (which sounds very thrilling) in Crawford Hollidge's in Boston.

Betty McCusker is with the American Telephone Company in New York. Hereafter we'll know who to blame when the dial won't work!

Ellie Meurer is in the Nurse's Training School of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York.

Tommy Tomlinson is in New Haven at the Children's Community Center, and loving it. According to report, she runs around in an old Ford that stops by itself when it sees a red light!

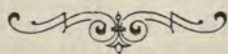
Isabel Gilbert has gone a long way off. She's taking a medical course at McGill University Medical School in Montreal.

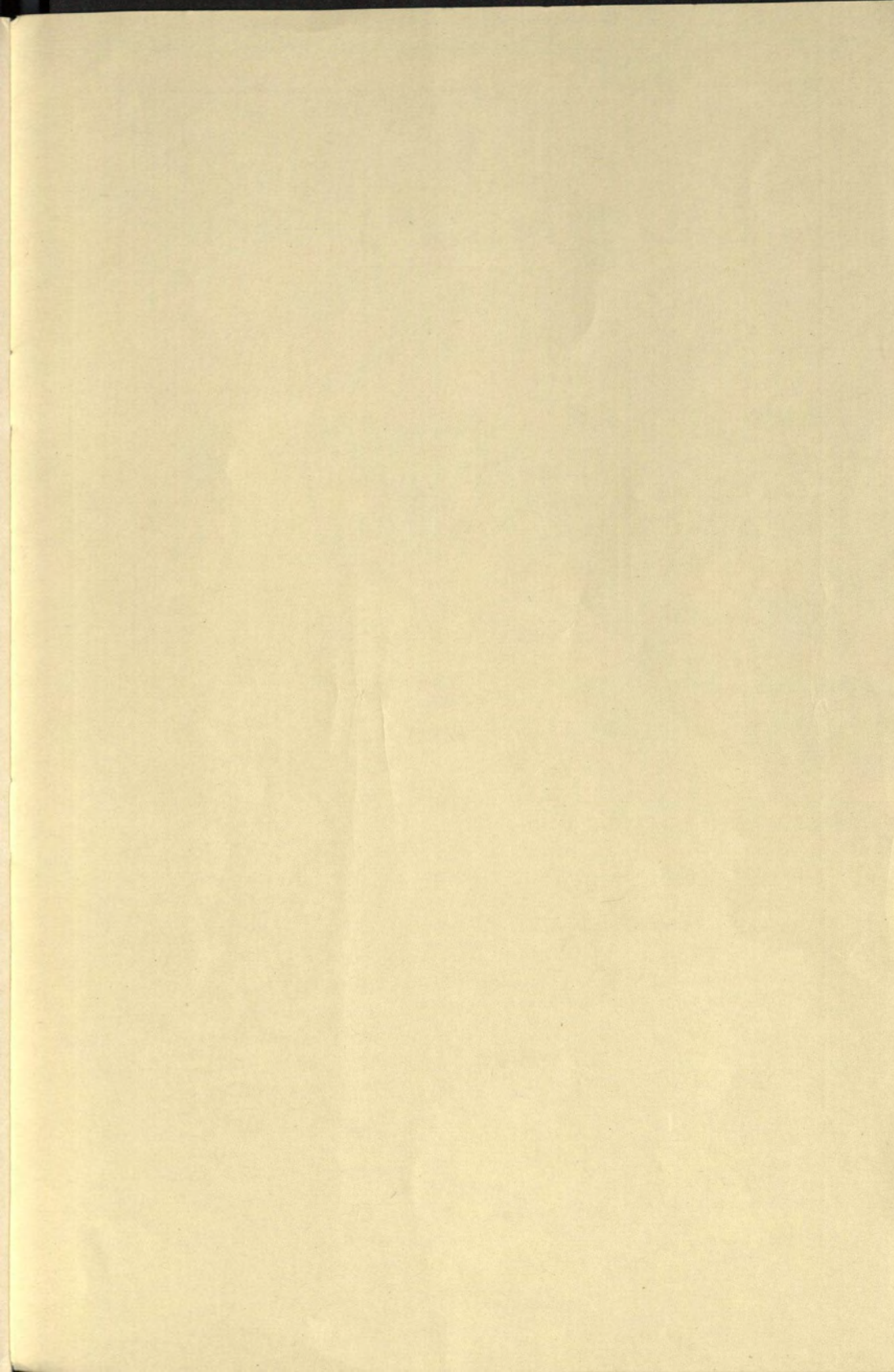
Heck Weil is being the perfect secretary in Altoona, in the office of the Pennsylvania Central Power and Light Company, using her psychology on all the office visitors.

Mae Gesell is teaching in Wappinger Falls, New York—Flinner in Milford, Connecticut—Virginia Joseph in the Norwich Free Academy.

Benny is slaving, more or less, in the Harvard University Press, and liking it. She's quite an old hand at the game because she began working in August.

I'll write about a lot more of you in the next issue. I could keep on forever but space is limited. Please let me know if anything especially interesting happens to you. This is one way we can keep in touch. Please do!







# LOST!

## 514 ALUMNAE

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